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JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

<i>Supposed date of composition</i>	<i>bef. 1520.</i>
<i>Supposed date of only extant copy</i>	<i>c. 1565.</i>
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John the Evangelist.



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JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

This play was untraced in modern times until recently. It is one of the three "Lost" plays recovered in 1906, when at auction sale it was purchased for the British Museum for £102. The press mark in the catalogue is C. 34, i, 20. John Waley, the printer of this edition, was in business from 1546 to 1586; but apparently there was an earlier edition or version. In the "Day Book of John Dorne," an Oxford bookseller, there is recorded in 1520 the sale of "I saint ion euangeliste en trelite 1 [d]" ("Oxford Historical Society's Collectanea, 1885.")

Here begynneth the
enterlude of Iohan
the Euangelyst.



Saynt Johan the Euangelyst.

Domine aude te omne desiderium meum
Et gemitus meus non est absconditus
The sweetest lyfe souerayn in this world w com
Is to haue meditaçon of our lorde Iesus
Very contemplatyue god / wchapped thus
Bethylkyng in the soule / without any speche
God tendeth ryght more the prayer with the herte of vs
Than the prayer of the mouth / the teixe dothe teche
In medytacyon who so hath forke nce
The mouthe can not expesse the thoughtes of the herte
That holkest fruytysou is of so hye intelligençe
Is it rauylshet the soule in to a blessed deserte
It seleth no earthly thyng unto the tyme it reuerie
Thus fased Magdalayne whan Martha complayned
She herde her not / in god her herte was so experie
Nor the aungell at the sepulcre / loue so her constrained
The cause why I reherce you the holy medytacyon
For it is myne exercyle expresse
Who so wyll labour in this / must se his habytacyon
Be solytary in soule / of great quyettnesse
Therefore euer to the churche I do me dresse
Rest / reuerence / and worshyp ther in shulde be
With cryeng on Chyſt / and our synnes confesse
Beati qui habitant in domo tua domine.

Eugenio.

Qui cum deo patre / graunted by the pope
I thousand four hundred / and neuer a day leſſe
That hath herde this noble sermon / and theron doth hope
I pena et culpa / here I them releſſe
Is it not ppte ſuche a pulpet man to leſſe
I praye you sy; let vs here more of yourre pope holynes

for me thyntke I haue herde you preche or this at Poules
¶ Tristdison.

(crosse

Cumome call you pope holye,
¶ Eugenio.

Suche a foole as thou art that clappest euer in diuinitate
¶ Tristdison.

All vertues people to commende is my propertie,
¶ Eugenio.

Than is Caton false/and that he endytes
for he sayth (Nec te collaudas / nec te culpaberis ipse)
Great laudacions loueth these hypocrytes
(Qui se colaudat) &c.

No more to you at this tyme
But understande you this latyne,

¶ Tristdison.

Ce syz I trowe.
¶ Eugenio.

Responde tuncice domine doctorz clericorum
But syz knowe you any tustes of cozum.
¶ Tristdison.

Culhy soz
¶ Eugenio.

Culfeowe of myne was take with a Cuculorum
for a cupple hoxes he stale in an eueninge.
¶ Tristdison.

CWhat wolde ye haue me do in that case.
¶ Eugenio.

CSursum choda soz hym to sypnge
Te shulde haue well vhy.
¶ Tristdison.

C I can not sylge.
¶ Eugenio.

Cho syz ye shulde but make a spryng
Under a perche lokynge vp towarde the sky.

→ **F**ridsillon.

CWithout god be thy frende þ same deth shalt thou dye
→ **E**ugenio.

CMary I beshewe his heire that so can prophesye.
→ **F**ridsillon.

CWhat is thy name?
→ **E**ugenio.

Crede.

→ **F**ridsillon.

CEugenio I trowe the same.
→ **E**ugenio.

CA syz the deuyll stryke of thy hede
Horelon who taught the so ryght to rede
I trowe some yuell spyyte be within the.
→ **F**ridsillon.

CIn the cyte of Hierusalem that is so called
I feare thou wylle never come to that holy kyone
That with twelue precyous stonnes is surely walled
full strayte is the waye thyder to gone
And in to that castell entryng is none
Withoute thou acquaynte the with two porters before
Hope is the fyre/ and faythe the other one.

→ **E**ugenio.

CNo so gosly he preake euermore
þe dare not coughe your conscience is so holy
But I pray you beshewe me before
Whiche is the waye to yonder castell ye mayse so greateleye.
→ **F**ridsillon.

COuer the mede of mekenesse marke thou the waye
Than to the pathe of pacyence shalst thou passe

B. iii.

In to the lande of largenesse holde for the laye
And in the laue of besynesse loke thou not balshe
Than me asure in a marrishe/a fayre maner halle
Rele there hardely/and abyde all tylght.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Nay that I wyll not by this lyght
But what calleſt thou this way.

¶ Triddition.

¶ Ala recta./fedyng to lyfe
So Dauid named is in his daye
(Spes mea stetit in via recta)

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Passeth all men by this tourneye.

¶ Triddition.

¶ Nay/and the moze pytis verely I saye.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ What be they that goo that maye moste.

¶ Triddition.

¶ They that be enspyped with the holy gooste
As innocentes and virgins.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Mary I knowe none liche in all this coste.

¶ Triddition.

¶ They that goo thyder muste be(Gratia electi)

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Why is there no other way but this.

¶ Triddition.

¶ Yes on the leſte syde another there is
That is called(Via obliqua et via circularis)

¶ Eugenio.

¶ And whyder draweth this.

¶ Triddition.

Euen ryght to dethe
Who so walkes that way hym selfe he slethe.

↳ Eugenio.

Shy; who gothe that way so yll.

↳ Iridision.

All they that worketh the deuels wyll
(Omnis iniustia circuitu impii ambulantes)

↳ Eugenio.

Thou arte a lowler by my trouthe I warrantes
Howe many by pathes be in that waye.

↳ Iridision.

Shyre score and obde I saye.

↳ Eugenio.

Than one can not sayle where he go by nyghte or daye
But may a man go to the sythes that waye
At his pleasure yf he lykste to playe.

↳ Iridision.

It brynges men to the seete of rufull araye
The lady of confusyon lyeth therin
That Babylons is calle / shes the ende of all synne.

↳ Eugenio.

Whiche way costh that countray.

↳ Iridision.

To an yle in the north I saye
(Ab aquiloni pandetur omne malum)

↳ Eugenio.

That is the syt place that men shulde assay
Wherether it be hedged or walled.

↳ Iridision.

With bowes and cress it is meruaglyously paled.
There groweth the elens of enyng
Staked with pyde full hys

End the bretes of babbyng with wath wretched aboule
full of slouthy husshes and lecherous thaznes byss
With glotonous postes / and conetyse rayled throughouts
End at mylcheues gate many dothe in sonne.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ And where do they all become.

¶ Troydlyon.

¶ Downe to the dongpon wher the devyll dwelleth
Lucyfer that lothly lorde that is in bale blysses
There is no vpon wo / as Chylle vs telleth
All that may dysens and nothyng please / euer rekele
There is forre / there is fyre
Hope is loste and her despys
Where casy hath no recoures
Without syte there is Payne
To aby for mercye it is in Payne
For grace is gone for euer
(Sicut tormentorum sumus
Ascendit in secula seculorum)
Lo thus hath loste wedded confusyon
Lucifers daughter dampnacyon
In hell to haue heryage
(Septim dominum peccati et mox)

¶ Eugenio.

¶ In sayth that is a knauyshe way to walke
Nowe a whyle of some mythe let vs talke
For I forsake that passage.

¶ Trisdillion.

¶ Nowe fare well sy; and haue good daye
For I must goo another waye
Forget not my reasons sage.

¶ Eugenio.

CWhat wyll ye goo your way
Ye haue done a fayre tourney to day
It is tyme for to be walkyng
for I am wery of your talkyng
Lo syrs he spake ful hollyly
But yet I beliue we hym for all his clergy
He may well be called wittlesse syr wyll
for I trowe his brayne is bedfast as a wyndemyll
But no me well remembred by booke s Ancomes
I wolde haue a playster for all harmes
Some fayre wenche to lye in myne armes
That wolde auoyde all stryues
It were to me / admynistrate nos
Et restaurate nos / also confortate nos
Ye / and somtyme I wyll take mennes wyues
For cokolde makers hath meryer lyues
Than they that do all the coste
As to wedde at the churche doore / and there to be sworne
Perhap her husband shulde haue an horne
Than may he curse the tyme that euer he was borne
for all the loue is loste
Clerkes say that of wedlocke god that knoþ doth knypt
And yet women do venter to bryke it
for though they loules shulde lye in hell ppyt
They wyll vse that sorȝ werke
And yf they so dye
Acropos cometh full soleynly
And or they beware full slyp
He ledeth them downe in the darke
The curtesye of Englannde is ofte to kys
And of it selfe it is lechery where pleasure is
All yonge folke remembre this

B.t.

Intentio iudicat quenquam
So great de lyte thou mayst haue therin
That afoxe god it is deedly synne
But fate well / yonder cometh syr Wyllyam of trentam.

† S. Johan the Euangelyste.

¶ That lord whiche is princypall
Conserue and kepe this congegacyon
And couer you with his mantell perpetuall
After that ye do passe with dethes bysytacyon
This prince bryngē you to that holy nacyon
Wherē loue dothe dwell with virgynite
And to gyue you playne infyrmacyon
In that realme dwelleth the holy trynpte
I am Johan / that presently dothe apere
Called the grace of god by interpretacyon
And of my docteyne þt ys lyte to here
Moche can I shewe you of Chrites incarnacyon
And of his passyon / soþ verely I was there
I sawe hym hange on the crosse on hye on hye
His mother and I stode there vnder
And I herde whan he cryed Hely Hely
And sawe Longes smyte his herte a sonder
His lawes to the people wyll I preche
And all that euer do folowe me in peace
The kyngdome of heuen they soules shall reche
There hauyng joye that never shall cease
But nowe the trowe loue that we shalde to god owe
Men gyueth it to rychesse that is mutable
Full sore they wyll it repente I trowe
That euer they were of mynde so vnsable

If any man wyl haue rycheſſe goodly
I wyl hauely agayne be here
And therof he shall haue gladly
At all tymes I wyl hym cheſe
My comaynge hytene was for yourte ſurterauce
And nowe I leaue you in goddes gouernance.

¶ Actio.

Clothe myrty myght you be
Who was that that called me
So erly to daye
One refyded me with a bole of water
Here was a cheude mater
Hoday alyon to abyte
It was some knane my brother
Besy; we hym and none other
So that abyte
I was faste a slepe
Cryl I felte the wete
Full cryl I laye
He brake myne olde custome
For I wolde haue laynes till noone
And than haue iysten to playe
But nowe to the purpose
For by the sayngs that nowe gote
I loue to goo gaye
And with other mennes wyues
That be wanton of lyues
Hete do I ronne aways
And where so ever I go
One good condycyon haue I so
I vse never trouthe to ſay
Also I haue a great diſease pl ge wyl me leu.

B. 11.

Cuen here syz in the bottom of my stee.

♪ Eugenio.

By god syz and I do laye a playster to your cote
I wyl heale it I dare lay a gote.

♪ Actio.

♪ Eugenio. fro whence come you.

♪ Eugenio.

♪ Fro thence that ye were spoke of ryght nowe
we shall haue an offyce.

♪ Actio.

♪ What is that I may you tell me.

♪ Eugenio.

By my sayth ye shall be hangeman of Calys
thereto be appoynted verely.

♪ Actio.

♪ Than the fyfthe man that shall be hanged shall thou be
for I tell the I wyl begynne with the.

♪ Eugenio.

♪ May syz but herke what I shall the say
Here was one late this same daye
That dispayled rychesse woldly
He sayd he that do the forlaine prosperite
And take hym to wylfull pouerte
He shal haue soy eternally.

♪ Actio.

♪ What was he?

♪ Eugenio.

♪ A doctor as semed me
He speake as holily
As though god had ben his cosyne.

♪ Actio.

♪ Ere but was he not myred with hycocresy.

♪ Eugenio.

Cho man / he spake so goostly
He had almosie chaunged my mode
I had thought to gyue awaye my goode
And than alse my selke for charytie.

¶ Actio.

CWhy woldest thou haue been so wyttie
Maye thou arte a foole and thou wylte for any eggynge
Gyue away thyne owne good and goo thy self a beggyng
For so wyl not I do yett trust me.

¶ Eugenio.

Sy, he promest molte largely
That I shulde in ioye lyue euer
Where I shall dye never
Thus also he sayd verely
That I shulde iele there no yll
And haue all that I desyre wyl
And be god in his maiestie
Also he promest me a greater hym
That I shulde haue all that I wolde desyre.

¶ Actio.

CI rede the laye that thought awaye
For mayst thou not se all daye
That they that vseth spozte and playe
Lyue at ease meryly
They haue molte hertely rest
And fareth of the breste
That thus spendeth they lyues in folyle.

¶ Eugenio.

CWell than my wyfe I wyl renewe
For I rowe thou sayest full trewe
If I do it / and afterwarde rewe it
As to gyue away my good

¶ Will.

I trowe I shulde it so thynke
Without a cuppe than myght I drynke
For that purle that sowmeth not trynke
His mayster weareth a thredbare hode.

¶ E cito.

Cee ye man/that is trewe in dede
But let vs go walke a space
For yuell counsayle hyther wyll spedre
That person I trowe he be boorde of all grace.

¶ Eugentio.

¶ Go we hence than iu tyme
Wherely we wyll come agayne
For Johan wyll be here by pyme
His sermonde wolde I here sayue.
¶ Yuell counsayle.

¶ By your leau let me come neare
What dothe all this company here
Wherelate is your gappynge
By oure ladye a maystere I haue soughte nys and farrer
For sythe I came fro Rochestier
I haue spente all my dynnyng
By our lady I wyll no more goo to Conentry
For ther knaues set me on the pylere
And threwe eges at my hede
So soze that my nose dydblede
Of whyte wyne galons thury
Somtyme in London dyd I dwell
I was prentise with yuell counsell
And so me n calleth me
I hope agayne to go thyder
¶ Sommer were come and sayre wether
And lyue full merelij

I hane sought Englande thowewe and thowewe
Village/towne/cyrie/and bozowe
With many a thousande bequeyntyd I am
As yll tongued churles/and many a proude gentyll man
That shreudly roundeth maug a pystell
Whan they in ronge woyes eeres dothe whystell
Of maters partaynyng to Venus actes
With sayre flaterynge wordes and pretie knackes
Both men and women they bryng to lechery
Through me yuell counsayle to lyue in aduoutry
In Cornewall I haue ben and in Kent
Westmyster/saynt Katheryns/and in bryghtes ten
There I rested very lately
Nowe sayne wolde I haue a mayster
That wolde do by my couysell
For though he spende and be a waster
To get money I can teache hym the craste well.

¶ Idelnesse.

C What art thou tell me that speketh this.
¶ Yuell counsayle.

C Mary syr a man that wolde haue a seruys
Great nede haue I thereto.

¶ Idelnesse.

C Why what seruycse canst thou do?
¶ Yuell counsayle.

C To the stalle and lye/and on your erande go
To fette an other mannes wylle to your bedde.

¶ Idelnesse.

C Er I of such thynges may be spedde
I am gladde that we be met.

¶ Yuell counsayle.

C In Englande shall nothing me let

With you wyll I byde for ever
But mayster haue ye any wyfes?

→ Idelnesse.

Cee mo than, ryp, by my lyfe
But some other men kepeþ them for me.

→ Juell counsayle.

C Mary sy, no force, it costeth you the leſte money
But you haue good cheare whan you come.

→ Idelnesse.

C Cee at meat I am mery, and at bed yf I lyste too playe.
→ Juell counsayle.

C Than they, husbandes be out of the waye
Or els ye come not there.

→ Idelnesse.

C Ies yes dayly, and make good cheare
And not spyd at all, I haue ſuche polesy.

→ Juell counsayle.

C I am gladde that ye be so wytty
And sy, yf you wyll haue a freſche luffy trull
I wyll get her you, or a hulwyfe that can ſpyn a pounde
→ Idelnesse. (of woll

C Than wyll we drynke wyne at the full
In one place yf thou canſte heſpe me.

→ Juell counsayle.

C I pray you tell me what is the.

→ Idelnesse.

C An aclysers wyf, a prety woman.

→ Juell counsayle.

C Sir, I wyll goo to my brother temptation
And than to wanton youthe I wyll make a stacyon
For bytwe ne vs thre
Of her your pleasure ye shall haue hardely.

¶ I delnesse.

Cshall I go with you also.

¶ gueil counsayle.

Cee syz and it please y^e u so to do
Howe say you / haue not the p^r mery syues
That may kyse and balle other mennes wyues
Lo louthe is full of iolyte
But whan sawe you your brother sensualyfe.

¶ I delnesse.

Chy; I leste hym on the playne of Salysby
He telde me that he wolde lyftee
Some good felowe from his thyftee
And as I trowe somwhat he wylle getts
To make with the pert
Many one for they^r good do labour and swete
But he dothe not so / he getteth it lyghtly.

¶ gueil counsayle.

Chy; he dyd me a chreude turne as I you tell.
¶ I delnesse.

CI pray the shewe me howe it behel.

¶ gueil counsayle.

CThe laste daye syz I wylle
The puttocke that he wate on his syde
Wolde haue trode my hennis
And by I caught a rottocke
And hyt hym on the buttocke
That ther laye in a thenne.

¶ I delnesse.

CWherby knowest thou that it was he;

¶ gueil counsayle.

Csoz he had a bell abouie his huse
And therby yche hym knewe.

C.R.

I dyd hym holde in the wynde
Cyll at the latke he had his mynde.
God gyus hym an yll peyne.

¶ Idelnesse.

¶ And what meate dyd thou gyue hym
Say on hardely.

¶ Quell counsayle.

¶ Spyre a fayre pece of baken
And a blacke boile full of barley.

¶ Idelnesse.

¶ By Jesu this is a gentylle meat for a knave
To kepe bydes thou art very conaynge
Thy thryste I trowe is layde a sonaynge
But tell me nowe where is thy moanyng.

¶ Quell counsayle.

¶ Spy at the stawes is my molte abydyng
Otherwyle goynge / and somtyme rydyng
And of the grunde he lyppet and lydynge
In saythe I fall downe moselynge.

¶ Idelnesse.

¶ What some pleasure than there areres
Welches your heed bytwene your eeres.

¶ Quell counsayle.

¶ Say syr it shall be yours and theirs
For whan a man hath knowe
Let hym parte with his neyghboures.

¶ Idelnesse.

¶ It is thy desteny I trowe
For to be cladde all in brieres
End ryde the horse with soute eeres.

¶ Quell counsayle.

¶ Say sy; not aloye you.

For I loue yll to waltes
I ryde in a saddyll/but ye shall ryde in a halter,
 Idelnesse.

Coune good saythe knave thou shalte beare me a styrpe,
 Quell counsayle.
End thou shalte haue another an I can hyt the syghte,
 Idelnesse.

CWhy smytest thou not come of,
 Quell counsayle.

CMay I trowe ye do but skoffe
Duc I wolle not for an hundred pounde syghte with the,
 Idelnesse.

CWhy so tell me,
 Quell counsayle.

Cfor I neuer sought with man but he deyde
And so shulde you and ye dyd my strokes abyde,
 Idelnesse.

CMary I had leuer thou were tyde
Thou arte as manly as yll chaynge
Thou were a good bold felowe to go a theuynges,
 Quell counsayle.

CWell let vs go to banchyfetes a whyle hence,
And let some other kepe relydence
for I dare laye theron xi. penee
We shall haue a sermon on nyght,
 Idelnesse.

C I trowe than he wyll come byther
That layde fynt In principio togyther
 Embo.

C Go we for we two wyll go thider
There as we wyll make mercy by this legge,
 Uctio.

C Ys I haue ben longe awaie

Cff.

I sayd I woldes so you by the lyght dayes.
→ Eugenio.

C There hath be a fayre aray
Wherre we to haue be
There was layeng of the lawe
And all was not worthe a newe strawe
So god helpe me.

→ Actio.

Sy; I sawe the wenche that dyde yonc necke claspes
That bare in her hande a gay gewgawe
He thought it was lyke a pawe
Of a whytynge
She helde me with a tale of tytemary tally
Tyll my thynke was gone as quyte as a dally
God wote it is a nyce thynge.

→ Eugenio

C Peace man, ye shall here a sermonysacyon
Of the egle that ryseth full hys
If he do here thy exclamationys
He wyll make the to syre.

→ Actio.

C Not in a krynge I trowe
Peace for he is come nowe.

→ Johan the Euangelyst.

C O men unkynde, wretched and mortall
Harken to this peable that I shall tell.

→ Eugenio.

C The berynge therof gyue you I shall.

→ Actio.

C And I to do by your counsayle yf ye saye well,

→ Johan the Euangelyst.

C Nowe I berygne/gyue good audience

Two men assended ones to a temple to praye
The conuersacion hauyng great difference
It was the pharisee and the publican I saye
Two ensamples by them percewe we maye
The great pryde of the pharisee
Other meynes fautes he dispayled ape
And his owne couloure hyd vnder false he we
In the publicans prayers there was than
A great excellencie of mekenesse
He dispayled hymselfe a wretched man
Chynkyng eche creature exceded hym in goodenesse
His fautes he dyd confesse
With great sorrowe for his transgreßyon
And in the pharisees prayer dyd expelle
Of full pryde and adulacion
He prayde not / but prayled hymselfe there
Standing vp ryght with a perte face
The masse begynneth with Confiteor
And endeth with Deo gratias
Cwyn the reuers he dyd in this case
There the masse endeth he beganne proudeſly
Makynge no confession of his trespass
But sayd (Deo gratias ago tibi)
In than he thanked god he was not to blame
But in that he thanked hym not with besy mekenesse
The speches of sygne he reherced by name
In whiche all synges be comprehended expelle
By rauenours is understande couetyse
In vnyrighfull to say pryde of hym than
In auoury / allechery that men can reherce
End thus he excused hym selfe / & claudched the publican

C. iii.

I pay my sythes he sayd also
And so he dyd/but not of ths beste
In that Cayme he was lyke to
Fy; he sythed alway of the woste
Twyls in the weke he sayd he dyd falle
To reate and dynke he dyd/but not fro dedelycynne
And that is the falle that pleaseith god beste
But the rat hypocrytes wyll not begynne
A gayne god he synned greuously
In that he iustlyked hym selfe so
And his euen Chilren scaudryng malcyously
(Tu testimontium perhibetis de teipso)
(Et testimontium tuum non est verum) I say so
Wherfore god dyd hym deuyde
To the nyue partes of aungels the tenth so
There Lucyfer is falle for his pryde
The gospeyl sayd/who doth hye hym shall be o we
All they that prayseth them selfe do synne be you sure
And so you cursed men do your cure
For by goddes iugement
Ye forsake not your synne be you sure
E au go to hell/Wherfore repente.

¶ Ambo.

I crye god mercy for myne offence
My wretched lyfe I do desye.

¶ Eugentio.

Allo I am sorry of my neglygence
Your detryns I wyll folowe full mekely.

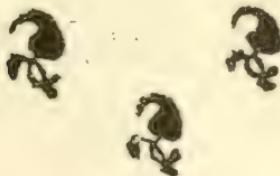
S. Johan ths Euangelyte.

This samble god sayth vs to
Thas we shulde consider it wysely
Who demeth hym selfe good/is ferre there fro
And he that thynketh hym selfe synfuller is blyssed hardly

Thynke nowe that youre purpose was lette cursedlye
In synne thus to lede lyues bayne
Under colour of vertue / demyng your selfe good
You and all they that is dorthe lustayne
We woldre than the pharysey / mennes lawes are woodre
Remembrye this for the reverence of hym þ dyed on roode
End to the lawes of the churche abyde every man
End ye shall be parteners of Chirstes precous bloode
And blessed of god as was the publycan
Thus þf ye wyll be fadfaste and trewe
Iesu wyll than with his grace you reue
To that lordes blysse ye shall come all a
Qui vivit per infinita seculorum secula. Amen.



¶ Thus endeth the Cenerclude of saynt Johan
the Euangelyste. Imprynted at London
in Foster laene by John Waley.



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